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The worst abuse in England to-day is land monopoly, and even with the many improvements and changes that have been carried out the fact remains that the bulk of the United Kingdom is owned by a comparatively small number of people. The figures as given are: twenty-eight dukes hold estates to the amount of 4,000,000 acres; thirty-three marquises hold 1,500,000 acres; 194 earls have 5,862,000 acres; and 270 viscounts and barons, 3,785,000 acres.

In the year 1700 nine-tenths of Scotland and two-thirds of Ireland were owned by 1,942 persons. Even now a majority of the people of Great Britain possess no right whatever to their native soil. The present President of the Board of Agriculture is making some effort toward the diffusion of the land by means of the Small Holdings Act and the Development Act. In such legislation the experiment has first been tried successfully in the colonies, as witness the breaking up in New Zealand of the Great Cheviot Estate of 84,000 acres, subdivided into agricultural farms of from 500 to 3,000 acres each. The Australian colonies have pursued a like course in the division of great estates with excellent results.

One's chief feeling in laying aside such a book as *Democratic England* is one of awe at the vast superiority of English statesmanship over American politics, and the resultant good to the country at large.

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THE DRAMA OF LOVE AND DEATH. By EDWARD CARPENTER. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1912.

There is not a little difficulty in dealing briefly with as spacious speculation as Mr. Carpenter undertakes here. Beginning his literary career with studies of civilization, and especially with investigations into democratic emotions as revealed in Walt Whitman, Carpenter has little by little shed the husks of outer perceptions and addressed his thought more and more toward the life of the soul. Yet it is easy to see how his past work has slowly led up to this present book. *Toward Democracy, England's Ideal, Civilization—its Cause and Cure, Love's Coming of Age* were all more or less studies in human feeling. From then on, in *Adam's Peak to Elephanta, Who Shall Command the Heart?* above all, *The Art of Creation*, are studies in superhuman development. *The Drama of Love and Death* comes as the crown of all the previous work. Although written with simplicity and directness, and here and there with touches of humor, it is no easy volume for the uninitiate to assimilate. It represents many years of profound meditation as well as deep experience in occult matters. Chapters XI. and XII. are not easy reading for any one unskilled in mystic contemplation. It might even be desired that Chapter XI., on the materialization of forms, should have been omitted, since it makes so little appeal to the average consciousness.

There is a profound, wide-reaching, and hopeful religion in this book. Love and death, strangely linked and strangely related, move to the very loftiest reaches of life. "Changing their form but not their essence, they accompany us to the last; and we forebode them, in the final account, as no longer the tyrannous and often terrible overlords of our mortal days, but rather our most indispensable companions without whom life in its higher ranges could not well be maintained." The chapters pass

through such sequence as the beginnings of love and love as an art. The chapter on "Love's Ultimate Meanings" is not altogether satisfactory, since Mr. Carpenter hardly tells what the ultimate meanings are. Doubtless from the whole book one derives the doctrine that the ultimate meaning of love is purely spiritual, that it relates the separate person first to one or two, and ultimately to the whole. But the end of the specific chapter is merely to state that the passion is a wonderful and mysterious thing about which as little as possible should be said. Silence and time alone avail to prove its meanings. "These things lie on the knees of the gods; which place—though it may seem, as some one has said, rather cold and uncomfortable—is perhaps the best place for them." Mr. Carpenter is not afraid to speculate as to states after death, as well as upon the more practical subject of the art of dying, or the best preparation for so great a change. The body he treats throughout as the root of the soul. The real self is related to the All-self, and therefore perfectly safe and indestructible. It is this undercurrent of perfect security in the life surpassing that of the body which is the basic fact of Carpenter's philosophy, and he uses love with its carelessness of physical life as his main proof that death is a mere incident in an eternal career. Nowhere that we know has reincarnation received a more logical and sensible exposition than in this volume. It is a book too deeply philosophic to be given over entirely to faddists, too human to belong only to technical philosophers, too important to be passed over by the casual reader, too vitally connected with daily living and daily consciousness to be missed by any one capable of reflection. —

DEATH. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1912.

Very different from Mr. Carpenter's speculations, more timid, more attuned to the average consciousness of the man of the world, are Maurice Maeterlinck's reflections upon death. Poetic in form and of low flight, his speculations are likely to repeat in happier terms the thoughts of all men. The limited ego, eternally stretched out over time, would be torture; but we have a right to think we shall in some way be perpetuated in some wider, more fertile environment. It is possible, he believes, that our best thoughts shall welcome us on the other bank, and that the quality of our intellect here shall determine that of the infinite that crystallizes about us there. This is not so hopeful an idea as the everlasting growth of consciousness which Carpenter offers us.

"It is probable," says Maeterlinck, "that the universe is seeking and finding itself every day, that it has not become entirely conscious, and does not yet know what it wants." He, however, ends upon the hopeful thought that if the universe ever finishes at all, it must reach complete exemption from suffering.

This little volume containing these speculations upon the nature and meaning of death is the most notable essay Maeterlinck has published since those contained in the volumes *The Treasure of the Humble* and *Wisdom and Destiny*. —

THE HILL OF VISION. By JAMES STEPHENS. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1912.

In 1909 the Dublin firm of Maunsel & Co. brought out a tiny